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Weekly Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS: RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

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What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And waits my spirit, too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

ONLY A FARMER.

"I don't like the country, and I never would have come here but for the chance of becoming Mrs. Allen Waters—that's the truth!" and Miss Addie Atherton flounced into an easy chair, and prepared for a fit of the sulks.

Her mother looked up, amused at the frankness of her youngest daughter; as for her eldest, Dora, she sank back in her seat with a pained blush on her dark cheek.

"I am sure, Ada, you need not complain. You have a far easier time living at the Hollyhocks than either mother or I," she said.

"Why everything need be so hateful, I don't see!" grumbled Miss Ada, frowning under her flaxen curls. "If father hadn't died now, he might have run along for years, until Dora and I were suitably married, and kept up appearances so that we could have made good matches. Now everybody knows we are poor."

"And everybody knows we are honest!" cried Dora, who still trembled at mention of her dead father. "We settled everything as honorable as possible, and came here to live, glad of Uncle Alfred's offer—at least I was."

"And I'm sure I was, my dear," said Mrs. Atherton, with a sigh. "I am thankful to have a roof over my head in my old age."

"Uncle Alfred was absorbed in floriculture, and made a pet of the place for years. It's lovely here, I think," said Dora, leaning to look out into the bright summer garden.

"I don't care for flowers," returned Ada, moodily. "I can't make myself happy with hoes and watering-pots. I did think it would be better than this, with the Waters' place so near. But Allen Waters is away, and the gates shut against us. In fact, there is nobody here!"

"You calculated a great deal on the society of a man you don't know in the least, Ada," said Dora, returning to her sewing.

"I'm not in the least like you, Dora, with your notions of congeniality and similar tastes," burst forth Ada. "I've a taste for comfort and luxury, and I could love any man who would give them to me. Besides," somewhat moderating her violence, as her mother looked annoyed at her extreme statement, "you know we have always heard what a fine fellow Allen Waters was!"

Dora said no more. Her bright, dark face burned with indignation. She was ashamed of Ada, grieved, yet secretly tried to make some excuse for her sister.

Perhaps the Hollyhocks was dull beyond endurance to Ada. They had never been alike. It was wrong, perhaps, to blame her too much. Yet she still shuddered at Ada's unwomanly words.

Day by day Ada continued her complaints of the Hollyhocks. She was miserable herself, and she certainly made everybody else so. While Dora was busy as a bee, Ada moped herself almost sick.

The little old phaeton which Dora had driven in as a child was left the family, and, at her mother's suggestion, Dora hired a mild, fat dobbin of a neighboring farmer one day and invited Ada to a drive.

"There's lovely scenery along the valley road. It will make a little change for you, Ada. Besides, I've a bit of news to brighten you up."

Ada turned languidly.

"Allen Waters is coming home," said Dora, with a faintly mischievous smile.

After a moment's thought Ada rose, arrayed herself in her prettiest driving costume, and entered the carriage.

"Drive past the Waters' estate, Dora. What a fat, lazy horse! There is no fun in driving if you can't drive in style. There, now, see the Waters' place. It's all I expected it to be. There'd be some comfort in living if one could be mistress there. It's no better marriage than I ought to have made if papa had not failed;" and, with discontented lips and an arrogant toss of the head, Ada was driven past a hay-rigging driven by a man in his shirt-sleeves.

He glanced at the young ladies with frank curiosity.

"Did you bow, Dora? Impudent fellow! How he stared! Country folks!" sneered Ada.

"I bowed because he bowed to us, Ada. You would not have me repel such a mere civility. He is probably some one who knows us, because we are strangers here."

"I detest such people."

"I don't think I could detest any one who wore such white shirt-sleeves and looked so comfortable under a broad straw hat this hot day," laughed Dora, carelessly.

But the very next moment Ada was thankful for the existence of "such people," for the phaeton broke down, and, with a dismal scream, she was tipped from her seat and landed among the roadside buttercups and clover.

The mild, fat old horse instantly stopped. Dora looked anxiously about for help. No house was near. She looked appealingly up and down the quiet road; then—oh, gladly!—she saw the hay-rigging, the straw hat and the white shirt-sleeves, drawing near.

"You have broken down," said the owner, heartily, jumping down.

"Thank you, yes. The carriage seems coming all to pieces," said Dora, still trembling from fright. "Could you do anything to help us? I should be, oh! so much obliged to you."

"Yes," said Ada, shaking the dust off her silk skirts. "We are the Misses Athertons. We will pay you, of course."

The man bent to examine the axle-tree. His side face was toward Dora, but she plainly saw him smile.

"It's not so very bad, then?" she said, anxiously.

"It might be fixed, I think, so you could get home safely; but I haven't much time. In fact, I'm in a great hurry."

"What is your time worth to you?" asked Ada, with the air she had once seen a millionaire use when speaking to some workmen he was about to employ.

"Sometimes more, sometimes less," answered the man, with the same quizzical smile. But he had produced a cord from his pocket, and with deft fingers began mending the broken trace. Then he produced some nails, and with a stone pounded away vigorously beneath the carriage.

"There; by driving carefully you will be able to reach home safely," he said, at last, rising.

There was something in his composed manner and distinct enunciation which made Ada stare for an instant; but she could see little beneath the broad straw hat but a curling black beard, a tanned cheek and two piercing eyes.

"What is to pay?" she asked.

"Nothing."

He offered a hand to help Dora into the carriage. She seated herself and drew out a little embroidered porte-monnaie.

"I beg your pardon," she said, earnestly, "but you must let me pay you. You said you were in a hurry; we have taken your time, and you have done us a great service. I have nothing but that and a ten-dollar note. Pray take it. I am sorry it is so little," blushing as she tendered a shining half-dollar.

Again the quizzical smile, and the eyes—they had a world of meaning in them, those piercing dark eyes under the hatbrim. Dora felt her heart thrill strangely.

It relieved her greatly that the man extended his hand and received the money.

"Thank you," he said, quietly.

"What may your name be?" asked Ada, who had seated herself unassisted, "and your occupation. You are quite handy," patronizingly.

The man laughed outright, a low, mellow laugh.

"My name does not matter; I am a farmer. Good-day, ladies."

He stepped back, lifting his hat, smiling again at the look of consternation upon the features of the girls at the grace and the face the movement revealed.

A kingly brow shaded by close clipped yet beautiful hair, a white forehead, eyes dauntless bright, with scorn and a smile in them. The phaeton turned one way, the hay-rigging another.

"Whoever thought that he looked like that, under that old hat, in a hay cart?" said Ada, breathlessly. "Who can it be? How provoking! He was a right down gentleman, though he said he was only a farmer."

Poor Ada! Her mortification had just begun. That evening, with silk hat doffed from the handsome head, faultlessly arrayed, Mr. Allen Waters presented himself in the little parlor of the Hollyhocks and, introducing himself, begged leave to inquire if the young ladies had reached home quite safe.

Ada apologized quite eagerly, and tried to be sweet, but Mr. Waters seemed to have eyes only for Dora's brunette face.

He came again and again to the Hollyhocks, and at last one day boldly declared himself Dora's lover.

"You have known me but such a little while, you don't know half my faults," murmured she.

"I don't care if I don't," he laughed. "I love you, and have loved you ever since you offered me that half-dollar so charmingly, blushing and ashamed of the small sum. Why, you little darling, do you know your appealing dark eyes kept me from meeting a man who would have paid me a thousand dollars that day?"

"And you never got it?" cried Dora, aghast.

"No; but that does not matter. I have your half-dollar, and had rather have it."

Such an incorrigible fellow as that, of course, had his own way, and Dora became Mrs. Allen Waters. She loves her husband because, under all circumstances, she finds him a gentleman. And Ada is in the sulks.

A Story of the Cotton Gin.

Some man, says a Georgia paper, will yet make a reputation in writing the romance of the cotton gin. We all know how a poor Yankee tutor came to teach the children of General Nathaniel Greene in Georgia, riding from Connecticut in a sulky, and seeing the difficulty attending the handling of cotton, then produced in small quantity, put his wits to work and evolved the rude hint of the gin now in use. I heard a story the other day from Mr. John M. Guerrard, of Savannah, who I think got it from Mr. Nightingale, the son-in-law of General Greene.

The story runs that one day at a dinner given by General Greene, some curiosity was expressed to see the invention of young Whitney, which was then being operated in a little house near by. After dinner the company went out to the house and Whitney was exhibiting his seed machine, when it was discovered that he had to stop it every few minutes in order to clear the cotton away from the cylinder. Mrs. Nightingale observing the annoyance that this caused and the embarrassment of the young inventor, with the quick wit of a woman, took her silver comb from her hair, and pressing its teeth gently against the cylinder, cleared the flint away as it turned. To this gentle act of courtesy the world is indebted for one of the most valuable ideas connected with the gin.

Colonel Tom Howard contends that the invention of Whitney was really very unimportant, and consisted simply in the use of one cylinder instead of two, substituting bent teeth for the second cylinder. The really important progress made in the cotton gin was made by a Wilkes county man, who substituted the saw for the bent teeth. It took a long time in those days to get a patent, and while waiting for it the inventor was terribly worried by men who were trying to get the points of his invention that they might pirate it.

Colonel Howard says that some men disguised themselves as women, and then gained an entrance to the old outhouse, in which the gin was hidden and obtained a knowledge of its parts. Neither Whitney nor the Wilkes county man made any profit out of the invention.

Life in St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg is a city of gourmets. The long nights in winter, and the excessive cold and discomfort out of doors, drive the inhabitants to indoor pleasures. They consequently pay great attention to the cuisine, and the cooks become *cordon-bleus*. The best cuisine, is, of course, the French, and there are French *chefs* in many of the houses, but the Russians have a number of national dishes they are fond of, especially soup—cabbage soup eaten with sour cream, cucumber soup, and a cold sour soup, which is not very agreeable to a foreign palate. The root vegetables, turnips, beets, etc., are remarkably good; so are watermelons and cucumbers, while game, snipe, woodcock, partridges, hazel grouse, black cock, cogs du bois and hare are all abundant in their season and good. In the way of fish, the salmon is excellent, and they have trout, potfish, potch, grayling sequis, somewhat like a striped bass, and the famous sterlet, which we do not think deserves its reputation. Its roe makes the best cavaire.

The regular Russian restaurant is not to be seen in perfection in St. Petersburg. There is one in Moscow they call the Hermitage, which is thoroughly Russian. A feature of these restaurants is an immense mechanical organ, which grinds out lively airs during dinner. One can hardly talk. The correct thing to do is to take before dinner a "zacouska" which, being interpreted means a preliminary lunch, a small glass of liquor generally "wodki," with salt fish or cavaire, or a little cheese. This is supposed to whet dulled appetite.

Besides the pleasure of the table, the Russians rely greatly upon cards to pass the long winter evenings. They play a great deal, and play high. Whist, with some modifications in the counting; baccarat, and a game they call "quinza," something like "Boston," are their principal games. The great national game of poker is unknown among them, but its attractions are just beginning to be appreciated. Cards are a monopoly in Russia, and their importation is strictly prohibited. The profits on their sales go to the support of the foundling hospital, and it is magnificently supported. Any infant can be brought there, and no questions are asked either as regards the mother or child, and no payment is necessary. It is said to be the only place in Russia where no passport is required.

An extraordinary activity has been recently developed through the mineral regions of the South, which include the western portion of Virginia, the whole of West Virginia, and the western parts of Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina. The revival is most noticeable in the iron mines and furnace districts. Scarcely a day passes but some large sale of this class of property is made to Northern capitalists particularly to those of Pennsylvania.

A Remarkable Operation.

Some weeks ago Thomas Coulter, of New York, had a nose put on him by killing a middle finger, taking out the bone and affixing it to the bridge of his nose. A detailed account of the operation was published at the time. About three weeks ago, says the New York *Herald*, the plaster of paris bandage was removed from his face, and a careful examination showed that the finger had grown fast to the site of the former nose. Dr. Sabine at once decided to sever the hand from the two joints which were thereafter to serve as a nose. Tommy was rendered partially unconscious by the use of anesthetics, and the amputation was performed without much trouble. During the two months in which the finger had been growing to the face the blood had retreated from the hand and arm because of its peculiar position, leaving them as white as snow. Shortly after the operation the tube through which Tommy breathed was removed from its position in the larynx. The patient at present is in a peculiar position. It order to have a shapely nasal organ the second joint of the amputated finger was crooked so that the elbow forms the top of the nose. The end of the finger was stitched to the upper lip in a neat manner. The next step in the process was to remove pieces of skin from the cheeks and forehead, and allow them to grow on the lacerated and stitched portions of the new nose. The consequence is that there are no nostrils at present and Tommy breathes through his mouth and ears. In order to avoid this inconvenient mode of inhaling and exhaling an operation is shortly to be performed with a view of providing that new organ with nostrils. Coulter's articulation is good, but his voice sounds as though he were speaking through a ram's horn. The surgeons in charge of the case are confident that they will be able to remove this impediment very easily. The wonderful patience which Tommy displayed during his trying ordeal enabled them to operate with more success than in ordinary cases. It is proposed to remove all scars from his face by the process of skin-grafting.

A Clever Operation.

A curious occurrence has lately taken place at the Gardens. One night one of the lions was observed to be in a state of great tribulation, rolling about, and trying to get something out of his mouth with his paws. Upon examining the animal to see what was the matter, Mr. Bartlett found that a great bone had become a fixture in the poor brute's mouth. The difficulty was to remove it, as the lion was in fearful temper. This was done by getting the lion into a "shifting den," where his face would not be very far from the bars. It was then ascertained that the object in the lion's mouth was the spongy, round bone, as big as a cricket-ball, which forms the hip-joint of the horse. The lion had had part of a haunch of horse for dinner, and in amusing himself with the bone first got his upper large canine tooth into the soft part of the bone, and, biting on it, the corresponding canine tooth in the lower jaw came through so far into the bone that it nearly met with the point of the upper tooth; the jaw thus became fixed. The animal was thus prevented from taking food or water. Mr. Bartlett, with a great deal of tact and maneuvring, managed to get this bone out of the lion's mouth, and lucky he did so, as it was found that the long projecting portion of the bone was pressing hard upon the lion's tongue. This is the third clever operation in dentistry that Mr. Bartlett has performed—first, removing a big tooth from the hippopotamus; second, operating on the base of the tusk of the big elephant; third, taking a horse's leg bone out of the lion's mouth.—*Lnad and Water.*

Great Engineering Feats.

The tunnel of Mount St. Gothard, the greatest engineering work of the kind in the world, has just been finished. The object of it is to connect the railroad systems of Germany, Switzerland and Italy, and its construction was deemed necessary in order to offset the commercial advantages that were acquired by France in the building of the Mount Cenis tunnel, and Austria with her road across the Semmering, which are the connecting railroad links for those two countries with the same portion of Europe. The chief works of this kind in the world are four in number—namely, the Hoosac and Sutro tunnels in the United States and the above-mentioned. The Mount St. Gothard is the longest of all, its length being more than eight miles; the Sutro is the shortest, being less than four miles. The Hoosac tunnel 4.75 miles in length, and the Mount Cenis about seven miles. All of these great works have been constructed in the interest of trade and commerce, and with the Atlantic cable, the Pacific railroads, the Suez canal, and the Panama canal, when it shall have been built, will be among the great industrial monuments of the century. If the tunnel between France and England is ever built it will, of course, surpass anything ever attempted. Our own tunnel under the North river, if pushed to completion, will hold no insignificant place beside the works we have mentioned; nor in such an enumeration should our great bridges, like those of St. Louis, Niagara Falls and Brooklyn, be forgotten. In works of practical utility more has been accomplished in the nineteenth century than perhaps in all the centuries that have preceded it, —*New York Herald.*

Satin and gros grain striped ribbons are made double faced.

Courage in Disease.

Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of the sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery of confinement in a sick-room this self-help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path, and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty. How many a victim of incurable disease has lived on through years of suffering, patiently and resolutely hoping against hope, or, what is better, living down despair, until the virulence of a threatening malady has died out, and it has ceased to be destructive, although its physical characteristics remained? This power of "good spirits" is a matter of high moment to the sick and weakly. To the former it may mean the ability to survive, to the latter the possibility of outliving, or living in spite of disease. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to cultivate the highest and most buoyant frame of mind which the conditions will admit. The same energy which takes the form of mental activity is vital to the work of the organism. Mental influences affect the system, and a joyous spirit not only relieves pain, but increases the momentum of life in the body. The victims of disease do not commonly sufficiently appreciate the value and use of "good spirits." They too often settle down in despair when a professional judgment determines the existence of some latent or chronic malady. The fact that it is probable they will die of a particular disease casts so deep a gloom over their prospect that through fear of death they are all their life-time subject to bondage. The multitude of healthy persons who wear out their strength by exhausting journeys and perpetual anxieties for health is very great, and the policy in which they indulge is exceedingly short-sighted. Most of the sorrowful and worried cripples who drag out miserable lives in this way would be less wretched and live longer if they were more hopeful. It is useless to expect that any one can be reasoned into a lighter frame of mind, but it is desirable that all should be taught to understand the sustaining, and often even curative, power of "good spirits."—*London Lancet.*

Von Moltke at Home.

Count Moltke now lives in the new general staff building, in the Konigsplatz. His manner of life is extremely regular and simple, a daily routine being strictly followed. During the winter months Count Moltke enters his study, which is very plainly furnished, every morning at seven o'clock, and takes his morning coffee, smoking a cigar with it. He then works until nine o'clock, when all the service letters which have arrived are brought into him. These he goes through carefully, and then changes his morning cloth for uniform. At eleven o'clock he takes a plain second breakfast, receives his adjutants, and writes until two o'clock in the afternoon. As the clock strikes two, the reception of the chiefs of the different sections of the general staff begins. The time occupied in transacting business with them varies according to circumstances, and when they are all gone, Count Moltke, as a rule, takes a walk or ride, returning home to dine with his family. From 5 P. M. to 7 P. M. the hours are again occupied in writing, and from 7 P. M. to 8 P. M. the newspapers that have arrived are looked through. At eight o'clock Count Moltke takes tea with his family, and afterward plays a rubber at whist, a game in which the great strategist excels. The evening generally finishes with music, and at 11 P. M. Count Moltke retires for the night, to rise again on the following morning at half-past six.

A Pen Picture of the California Chinaman.

The Chinaman seems never to have learned to walk. He waddles along at a gait somewhat between a swagger and a shuffle, and he has no more respect for the rules of the road in turning out for passers-by than of the sixth commandment. That beautiful self-conceit which makes him look on everyone who doesn't wear a pig-tail as a barbarian, renders him impervious to all the abuses which his heedlessness brings upon him. He generally wears a hat of American manufacture—a low black felt with narrow rim. This is about the only garment that he has condescended to borrow from the wardrobe of the country. The remainder of his dress is of the latest Celestial style, which changes not with the changing seasons, but has probably been handed down along with the heavy moral platitudes of Confucius, from the time when the world was young. It consists of a blouse of blue cloth or nankeen or coarse overall goods, generally smeared with a line of grease down the back, the mark of the dangling queue. His trousers are made of all kinds of material, but they are always blue or black, and never reach below his ankles. This is to give a good display to the white socks and the shoes of the regulation junk pattern, curving toes and soles an inch thick. Occasionally one may see here the Chinese woman dressed in nearly the same garments as the man, the only difference being more voluminous trousers and an absence of all head covering. Instead of the latter the Chinese women display an elaborate coiffure, which may well excite the envy of the feminine observer, as it is a work of art. Her jewelry is of the Oriental style, large, massive and generally plain. Her earrings are heavy bands of gold, as large around as napkin rings, and are a constant temptation to the impecunious hoodlum —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The person who retires with the sun must have a warm bed fellow.

Twenty-five Years as Emperor.

The czar of all the Russias has been an emperor for twenty-five years. He ascended the throne on the death of his father Nicholas on the 2d of March (old style February 19), 1855. The emperor is now in the sixty-second year of his age. He was born April 29 (old style 17), 1818, and was nearly thirty-seven years of age when he ascended the throne. His reign has not only been long but eventful. His country was engaged in the Crimea war, when the death of his father devolved the cares of empire upon him. In 1861, on the sixth anniversary of his accession to the throne, he declared the freedom of the serfs. In 1863 there was an uprising in Poland, and in 1864 the czar in order to weaken the influence of the great nobles, liberated the Polish serfs.

Toward the close of 1866 a war was concocted between Russia and Turkestan. This conflict dragged along for a couple of years. In 1867 the emperor sold Russian America to the United States. During the Franco-German war the czar declared that he did not consider himself bound by the limitations in regard to his use of the Black sea placed upon him by the treaty of Paris in 1856. In 1871 a conference was held in London which modified the treaty in accordance with his desires.

In 1873 Khiva was conquered by the Russians. The recent war between Russia and Turkey is fresh in every one's recollection. Russia was victorious in the field, but her diplomatists lost all that her soldiers had won. Europe practically combined against Russia after the treaty of San Stefano, and in the treaty of Berlin compelled the conqueror to part with her conquests for the aggrandizement of greedy neighbors.

Russia is, of course, dissatisfied with her position. Germany anticipates war in the near future. Official declarations are made in favor of peace, but acts are against its being maintained.

On the whole, the future must look gloomy to the emperor. Insurrection at home and foreign war are threatened. After twenty-five years of experience in exercising supreme power he finds himself in the presence of difficulties quite as great as any he has hitherto surmounted. He probably desires rest, but there is none for him this side of abdication or the grave.—*New York Graphic.*

About Norway.

Not a land flowing with milk and honey; not a land of olive-yards and vineyards, of southern skies and effeminate luxuriance, of Spanish dances and Italian serenades, of soft intrigues and quick revenges that wait upon life itself. Not a land of fragrant breezes, where the nightingale sings to his mate, while the moon with her train of satellites in stately dignity rises in the dark blue dome, bathing the earth in a silvery flood, the while lovers pace romantic ruins washed by a broad flowing Rhine, or a sterner Danube, or linger in the bowers on the banks of the soft blue waters of a Moselle; lovers whose lips are silent for a bliss that is filling their hearts with an emotion for which an eternity would be too short, and life, alas, often proves but too long. Not this. But a land of eternal snows, whose mountain-tops are fraught with a mystery of a silence that is never broken, where the foot of man never falls; of gigantic icebergs, of rushing streams, of grand waterfalls, and mighty cataracts that seem to increase and multiply as you progress through the country. A land which owes everything to nature and nothing to man; where ruins are not, and the nightingale's song is unheard, and bowers of roses may be read about, but scarcely seen. A land scantily peopled, but peopled by men and women honest and fearless, simple and genuine, frank and hospitable—until a day will come when mixture with the world which seeks them more and more year by year, may give the faults of that world, and take from them their best heritage—a single eye, a simple faith, an uprightness of purpose rare as beautiful after six thousand years of leveling. A land where railroads are scarce, and traveling is long and laborious, but very pleasant. A land not hampered by the refined luxury of the age, the squandering of wealth in pomp and vanity, purple and fine linen; but a land of stern realities, where wealth is rare, and each man's inheritance is labor and toil. A land with bright bracing air; a coast iron-bound and full of wonders. A land that reminds us in a measure of that city that hath no foundations, where there is "no night;" for here during some portion of the year, the sun never sets, and darkness falls not.—*Argosy.*

Why We Butter Our Bread.

The layers of the wheat berry, as we proceed toward the center, become more and more completely starchy, and at the center but little else is found, and this portion makes our finest flour. The finer the flour the less fit it is for nutrition. In its natural state the wheat, with all its components present, is not fitted for perfect human development. There is a deficiency in the potential heat-producing materials, especially for cooler climates, there being only two per centum of fat in wheat. We instinctively supply this deficiency by the addition of fatty bodies. We spread butter upon bread, we mingle lard or butter with our biscuit or cake, and the fat meat and bread are taken alternatively or coincidentally. The starch, being a carbon hydrate, can afford, comparatively but little heat in consumption: and the fats are demanded by the wants of the system. —*United States Miller.*

Potato bugs, it is said, make good blisters; but, as for that matter, so do potatoes where you have to raise them.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

It is easy to breakfast in bed if you will be satisfied with a few rolls and a turnover.

Boiler explosions need no account given of them, as they universally make their own report.

The $47,000 reward offered for the murderer of Mr. Nathan, at New York in 1870, is still in force.

The Bowery savings bank in New York, out of $36,600,000 of deposits has $20,000,000 of government bonds.

Edward Elliott, a stevedore at St. John, New Brunswick, has been instrumental in saving twenty-one persons from drowing.

A defaulting county treasurer in Iowa excused his conduct on the ground that he had dreamed he must take $8,000 and buy certain lands, and that he was a believer in dreams. He didn't have to dream that he was sent to State prison.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The famous museum of Boulaq, in which so many interesting remains of ancient Egypt are preserved, is threatened with destruction. The Nile has already began to undermine its walls, although a few years ago an attempt was made to divert the current by surrounding the building with a solid stone embankment.

Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the well-known lady philanthropist, has published a curious little tract, contrasting the relative expense of religion, living, education, rum and tobacco. Rum, she computes, costs the country $667,638,502 annually; religion, $47,636,450; education $95,406,727. Rum costs each person annually $17, whether they drink or not.

The Chicago correspondent of the New York *Commercial Bulletin*, reviewing the crop prospects for 1880, says that after seeding and what will be needed for consumption the crops for 1879 will about be exhausted. He also asserts that winter wheat in the West was more or less injured, necessitating resowing, and that the general estimate is that the wheat crop will be far under that of last year.

An extraordinary activity has been recently developed through the mineral regions of the South, which include the western portion of Virginia, the whole of West Virginia, and the western parts of Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina. The revival is most noticeable in the iron mines and furnace districts. Scarcely a day passes but some large sale of this class of property is made to Northern capitalists, particularly to those of Pennsylvania.

Once upon a time the mule, without having received an invitation, attended a convention of animals that was called for the purpose of discussing the best methods of family government. "What do you know about all this?" asked the president, tauntingly; "have you ever raised any children?" The mule wept. "Ah, no," she said, "I have never raised anything but full-grown men; but, land of the pilgrim! you should see how I raised them—you should see me raise a man that weighs as much as David Davis." Upon a rising vote the mule was immediately elected financial secretary with power to send for persons and papers.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The portions of Asia Minor—comprising Batoum, Kars, Olti and Artwin—which have been acquired by Russia under the treaty of Berlin, is a district very rich in natural productions and capable of great development under an efficient administration. There is not much agricultural produce, but there is an abundance of wood and metals, and the climate and soil are well suited for the cultivation of silk and tobacco. The natives appear reconciled to the new state of things. They have ceased to emigrate into Turkish territory, and hoards of money which had hitherto been concealed have made their appearance in the towns. Batoum, thanks to its great advantages as a harbor, is increasing in size, while Poti, notwithstanding its dock-yard and railroad, declines.

The Prince of Wales is retrenching his expenditure, which has been cut down one-half in each of his residences. The time, however, has come when the assistance of the prince has become necessary, not in the serious administration of the government, but in the entertainment of those who govern. The queen has opposed this assumption for the last three years, but at length consents to deposit in his hands, if not the globe and scepter, at all events the visiting list and lord chamberlain's book. The responsibility is not of mere evening receptions or garden parties, but involves the more serious business of banquetings and royal feasts, and the prince, who has been compelled to reduce his expenditure through heavy debts contracted in this very task, requires a supplement to his income.

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